



**HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE
PRESENTS**

The Omen

*"Working tirelessly
for you since 1992"*

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Policy

The Omen is a biweekly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous. Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish. Your submission must include your real name: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. (Note: Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which usually takes place on alternate Thursday nights in the basement of Merrill on a computer with an extremely inadequate monitor. You should come. We don't bite. You can find the Omen on other Thursdays in Saga, the post office, or on the door of your mod.

EDITORIAL:

This is the Spring of our Discontent

EVAN SILBERMAN

For once, I've found myself on the side of the rabble-rousers. I still won't consent to be roused, of course, since I hardly have time for that—I have a Div III to studiously ignore—and my policy of not ever signing petitions still stands. But I could hardly call myself an (emeritus) Omen editor without writing at least one editorial that uselessly attacks the actions and motives of some Hampshire authority figure or other.

During my years here, I have mostly just been annoyed by bestirrings of sentiment amongst the student body, ranging from ReRad mock funerals for the college (prematurely pronounced dead by none other than D.A. Kurtz) to Action Awareness Week (its anniversary recently celebrated by the guy who got a promotion as a result, the protests resulting in no other actual changes) to the SJP campaign for divestment (there seems to be a debate over whether or not that actually resulted in anything) to the ASH/Admissions controversy last spring (perhaps justified, but marches and drum-bangings really are just annoying). So to actually feel like people making a stink are on the side of justice represents kind of a big shift for me.

The current kerfuffle, of course, is about the representation of students in the final round of the search for a new President. The plan, as announced (and, I am all but certain, as it will remain), will allow a total of eight students to meet the final-round candidates, which includes the three student members of the search committee. I personally have no quibble whatsoever with the decision to keep the candidates' campus vis-

its closed and confidential—if it's what they want, then we're pretty much stuck with it, since they're the ones who might be awesome and we are the underperforming college in desperate need of leadership. But there's just no justification for limiting the randomly-selected group of student interviewers to five. One third of one percent of the student body will have the opportunity to meet the candidates.

How truly diverse is this group of perspectives likely to be? And how will the post-randomization fudging that the affirmative action officer plans to make to the group affect that diversity? Will there be a representative that works in each school of thought? Will there be one from each Division? One from each major ethnic group, "Survivor: Race Wars"-style? One from each housing area?

It just seems outright irresponsible to me for the search committee not to seek a more plausible middle ground between open meetings and a tiny delegation. While thirty (or even fifteen) students may have a less-intimate conversation with a candidate than five, I should think the benefit of getting a set of comments that is far more likely to actually be diverse and representative outweighs the drawback of not everyone getting to ask a question.

I'm not angry, mind you. I decided long ago that getting angry never did me any good. And by the time you read this, it'll be too late for anything to change.

But god, what a stupid decision.

Like, seriously.



TO SUBMIT

Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to omen@hampshire.edu or Ian McEwen, Box 286.

THE OMEN HAIKU

*views in the Omen
do not necessarily
reflect the staff's views*

Section: Speak

Bitch Didn't Deserve It, and Neither Did They: An Apology

CRYSTAL HOPE GARRITY

Hello, Hampshire community. I have never been so happy to admit to being wrong. I recently wrote an article for The Omen about a conversation overheard in Saga in which rape was being lightly discussed by a group at the table beside me. As I said in the previous article, I had not heard much in the conversation aside from the lines “Bitch deserved it” and “It’s not rape if she wanted sex.” It turns out that while I thought I had run through every scenario in my head on what the context for this conversation could be about, I failed to consider that they might have been speaking sarcastically.

The day the article came out, I was expecting a confrontation. However, it was not the confrontation I had been expecting. One of the people who had taken apart in the conversation came to my lounge and called me into the hall, where he introduced himself and then proceeded to explain the conversation in context. The group had been discussing the author of the novel *The Fountainhead*, who had mentioned in an interview that the character in her book had deserved to be raped. They had been making fun of her and talking about how insane and wrong she was for saying such a thing. Ironically, they had been making the same point I had been making in my article, just in a different way. I made sure to approach them in Saga that night and apologize in person, and I am writing this letter to the community to explain the misunderstanding.

While I don’t regret writing an article about rape, because the points I made were valid and hopefully reached any members on our community who held such views, I do certainly regret addressing this group about their conversation through the article and not in person. They have been incredibly understanding about the entire thing and kinder than I probably deserved for my foolishness, especially since many people guessed at their identities and confronted them about the article. I am incredibly sorry to them for putting them through this and for the awful things I said about them in the article, and I thank them for their understanding. They really are pretty cool people, and I feel terrible for everything. I hope that they can forgive me, and I hope that the Hampshire Community can forgive me for being so stupid. 🙏

Strength in Weakness, 2 in 1

ZILONG WANG

While reading Paul Kennedy's book, what struck me most is the cyclical characteristics of the rise and fall of great powers. There seems to be a chronic disease that all major powers are bound to catch: what makes you is what breaks you. A certain quality would turn out to be both the strength and the weakness of a nation.

When Strength Becomes Weakness

The ancient Chinese empire became a great power largely thanks to the Confucian culture. It taught people to value learning, to respect knowledge (and hence to respect the elderly), and to use their talent to serve the state. These qualities enabled China to become the most sophisticated and prosperous society in the globe for a long time. But, as Kennedy points out in the first Chapter of his book, the same Confucian culture also planted the seed of the empire's eventual decline. For example, the backward-looking characteristic of the national leaders is derived from the respect for the past and ancestor worship. The value of learning placed on particular fields of knowledge crowded out innovation in commerce and technology. The prosperity and the Central Kingdom mentality also made the empire conceited and self-righteous. Confucianism, it seems, has exhausted its momentum after two millennia, and has become the obstacle of any further progress in the Chinese society.


Fast forward to today's United States, we also see a similar phenomenon: those qualities that once made America great are causing today's decline. Democracy is getting messier and is tied up in bipartisan struggles. Property rights, land ownership, and state autonomy make it hard for the federal government to carry out any major infrastructure projects like high-speed rail or wind turbine installation. Even free speech is being used to protect the unlimited corporate donation to political candidates. Some of America's most distinct greatness seems to stand in the way of the future of this country. It makes people wonder if these past greatness could shine once again and solve the problems of its own making.

When Weakness Becomes Strength

Japan is probably the best example of how one's weakness could turn into strength. Japan has extremely

limited natural resources. It heavily relies on imports for almost all commodities that are vital to Japanese economy. As a result, Japan has developed a deep sense of crisis and alarm. This vigilance and restlessness have made Japan the expert in energy saving and resources management. Among all industrial nations, Japan has the highest energy efficiency, and it separates trash into eight categories for recycling. Japan also developed "urban mining", extracting precious materials out of waste electronics and other urban garbage. In turn, Japan is exporting its recycling technologies and hybrid cars, and leading the world in energy saving efforts.

China's authoritarian government is another example of weakness turning into strength. Chinese government has been constantly criticized by the West for its heavy-handed rule and lack of respect for human rights. But recently, many western countries have been quite jealous of the fact that Chinese government can build a high-speed rail across anybody's backyard. Chinese citizens do not enjoy as many rights as Americans do, but this lack of right has turned into one of the biggest bonuses that history has given the Chinese government: the government can afford to push forward unpopular construction projects and social programs that are indeed necessary for the long term wellbeing of the nation.

So what is the logic behind this alternation of strength and weakness in exactly the same quality? There's an old Chinese saying: "a proud army is bound to lose". And we can also say that a winning army is bound to be proud. Success leads to pride, and pride leads to defeat. Defeat will prepare you for another success. An English saying goes like this: "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty". And observing today's America, we can also say that too much liberty takes away people's vigilance. Too much prosperity undermines a nation's work ethic. And this loss of vigilance and work ethic will in turn destroy the liberty and prosperity. It seems that history is quite fair: no nation could stay at the top forever; no single quality could propel a society for a long time. And, no one will quite learn this lesson from history. 

Things That Are, and Would Be, Fantastic

KATE GUILD

Wide-paneled hardwood floors that creak quietly, like they are having a morning stretch

Chain smoking while typing furiously on a typewriter, chipping away at a small inspiration for a short story. Wearing a grey zip-up hoodie, long socks. Loud clacking of typewriter keys.

Mahogany side tables or boudoirs

Violin folk music that sounds sort of like classical music

A hilly patch of land with long grass blowing just a little bit with the wind. The color is light, tired green with a smaller amount of yellow-gold.

A glass of water so clear you can almost exactly see what is behind it, only flipped upside down and stretched



SUBMITTED *by* SKY REID-MILLS



Section: Hate

Amherst College: A Superior Place for Superior Children

ANNE KOHLER

Some choice comments from my Amherst class, for everyone's reading pleasure:

(we read *Left Behind*, and Amherst students have lots of FEELINGS about it. granted *Left Behind* is a sad, sad piece of fiction, but just...read. pay attention now.)

1. "I didn't really like it. I mean, it was boring. As Amherst students, we are used to reading highly intellectual, theoretical readings, about, like, politics and stuff. This just didn't make me think, like, enough."

2. "As an Amherst student I am used to reading theory and having to look up six words for every sentence I read. I mean, this book is probably interesting for more simple, common people, but as an Amherst student it was just really bad."

COMMON PEOPLE?! What are you, a dutchess or something? Also, if you have to look up six words in every sentence then it might be time for a little theory 101.

3. "Do you think the authors took advantage of people who are less intellectual, as say, Amherst College students?"

Also, someone compared the characters in *Left Behind* to the characters in *Twilight*. I added that they are empty shells that anyone can put themselves into, as both are terribly written books. Some Amherst lady wearing all pink started mouthing swears, glaring at people, and talking furiously to her friend sitting next to her. She is definitely a *Twilight* fan. I think she wants to marry *Twilight*.

What I have learned thus far at Amherst College:

1. No one is smarter than Amherst students.
2. No one understands theory better than Amherst students.
3. People who do not have the distinct pleasure of attending Amherst College (which is clearly superior to every institution of higher learning) are simple and common.

4. Twilight is the best, and if you do not want to read about a sparkling dead man who wants to eat you clearly you do not read enough theory. (Anyone? Anyone?)

JOKING ASIDE

It was really the “simply, common people” comment that made me want to snort with laughter/throw chalk/let my pet alligator loose/do something to make Amherst students come to class in sweatpants instead of always BEING WAY MORE WELL DRESSED THAN NECESSARY. Or just get angry. Look, guys. I know that, as Amherst students, you automatically become gods. I understand. I get you, I promise. Every day I’m like “Wow, that is just a pile of fucking diamonds that just fell out of your mouth. People who actually believe in their religion are going overboard? Not everyone should have free speech? It’s funny when I can’t read a quote because letters look backwards to me? Diamonds. Spare me some diamond dust? Please? I only have sad-other-college dust.”

People who can’t afford to attend college aren’t stupid. Someone who enjoys a quick read is not stupid. Someone who is religious is not stupid. I’m not a Christian, but I see no reason for ridicule without attempted understanding. Some people really do like Left Behind. I can live with that. Sometime I read best sellers on the toilet. (Side note: Left Behind is an excellent toilet book. And I’m not saying that you should read GQ on the toilet, but read GQ on the toilet.)

A certain type of elitism permeates the air at Amherst and it is not socially beneficial. I come across these types of attitudes every day (five days a week at Amherst College, nerds) and it is unsettling.

Don’t be down on people who don’t have the privilege of an outstanding college education and don’t refer to them as simple and common, guys. Seriously? If you think you are better than everyone, nothing you do in life will help anyone.

Also, I hope your head doesn’t get too big too quickly. Need I remind you that VERY LITTLE of the material for the class has been theoretical? Mostly historical accounts, ladies and gentleman. And the Bible.

Moral of the Story: Amherst College Admissions probably makes you throw away your wardrobe at the beginning of your first semester. One hundred dollars per outfit, please!

(?????) This is not the moral of the story. I’m just tired.

I apologize to the Amherst students who don’t brag about not doing the reading and don’t play with molecular models for their next class during the one that is currently happening around them.

I understand that the entire Amherst community is not evil and that it may in fact be a minority of students who speak out against ‘commoners’. I had a very lovely time in my class at Amherst last spring. But the Amherst College student/commoner dichotomy that some espouse is insulting and leaves me speechless.

Where are the parents? I mean, where are the professors? 🙄

Lost Lavender: An Aside

DANA MENDES

Noah Enelow, you're breaking my heart. From the first heady days of September, I have watched, gazed, nay, DEVoured your slender, willowy chest and its attendant fabrics. From lavender to pinstripes, rich navy bespeckled with buttons of ivory cream, your luscious coverings set fire to my soul! Well... they did. For the last four of your biweekly... sessions... My eyes have weeped hot, salty tears for you and your pale, naked manflesh, unguarded by starch and smooth cotton. What have you done? Why have you done it? You've committed a crime, broken the law. For what I can only assume was twenty-five dollars (at 1964 valuation) and pieces of silver, you held up and robbed the liquor store of my heart. But no, you were not exposed; pain has made me delirious. What you are, Noah Enelow, is predictable. I would prefer you be unclad, for then I might pity your sad misfortune. No, instead I must curse you and the button-up doldrums you command! I come to you for nectar, I come to you for warmth. And what do you give me? Repeats, do-over, start-agains, Groundhog Day, encore! FOR FOUR CLASSES OF TORTURE YOU HAVE CAST MY AFFECTIONS TO THE CHASMS OF HELL! I can stand it no longer; you have triumphed, my callous catamite. If you must crush me, then do, do and move on, only do not leave me to this cruel limbo. Gone, gone are the days of lavender. Go ahead, wear the same shirt four classes running, see if I give a cold, tear-stained damn. 🙄



Section: Lies

The Meeting **GREG LARSEN**

He walked into the lobby, looking at the bleak glass architecture. Mildly imposed by the vast size of the room compared to the sparse, minimalist furniture, he walked the fifty or sixty feet to the desk. It was comprised of nothing but a single aluminum semicircle, connected to the wall on one side. The secretary, dressed in a plain grey dress that matched the surface of the desk, did not look up from her bestselling crime novel.

“Good afternoon,” the visitor began, “I have an appointment scheduled for 8:15.” Garnering no response, he tapped the desk. It gave a hollow clank. “Excuse me,” he paused as he looked at the nameplate, “Ms. Albini?”

She placed the book in front of her, still open, and trained her eyes on him. For a brief eternity, she wordlessly drilled into his soul with every ounce of contempt she could muster. Yes, she was reading quite the page-turner, and she was no longer turning the pages. Then, in a saccharine voice, she hissed, “Ah, yes. Mr. Slushfund?”

“Mhm, that’s me, Charlie Slushfund from The Entire Media.” As he spoke, he made a sweeping gesture toward the pin on his lapel. It resembled a television melting into a radio that was bleeding newsprint from fiber-optic wire. He made a restrained gesture that almost pointed toward it. Men in his position, he had once been told by a mentor, needed to avoid emphasizing their importance so they could let it speak for itself. Charlie occasionally had difficulty following that advice.

Charlie looked around, stared at the metal shapes

scattered around the desk that might have been chairs, and attempted to sit down on one of them. A few moments later, his legs foolishly flailed through the air and, just before he landed, he decided that he would settle for the floor after all. Several hours passed. At one point, a horde of third-graders huddled into the elevator, guided by a teacher who prodded the slower ones with a cane that she wasn’t using to walk. Later on, a barbershop quartet in walked through the lobby, the five of them dropping cigarette and not-quite-cigarette butts on the floor as they spoke suspiciously among themselves. Gnawing at their coattails were several lesser apes that managed to escape a focus group on the twenty-eighth floor.

It was only one o’ clock in the afternoon, but the building’s owners took care to put it down it at a latitude that would be affected by polar night at this time of year. The resulting perpetual twilight triggered young Marjorie’s Seasonal Affective Disorder, a condition about which nothing is humorous. She, like the other third-graders, saw Charlie slumped awkwardly against the wall as she walked outside to her dogsled. The businessman had peaceful dreams of the sun as his waking eyes saw nothing. Then, without cue from her phone or any other visible source, Ms. Albini hurled her book to the ground, then stomped over and picked up Charlie by his collar. Shaking him, she screamed, “Mr. Horner will see you now. Thirteenth floor.” He dizzily moved away from the secretary. “Oh, and you’ll need this,” she mumbled, tossing a coffee-stained blue towel at his head.

Since the third graders befouled the elevator, Charlie found that he had no choice but to take the stairs. At points, they were broken away. In their place were plywood boards, or occasionally handholds hewn poorly into the concrete wall. He paused to catch his breath at the eleventh floor. From behind the fire escape door, which had been bolted shut, he heard an impassioned

voice bellow, "Embrace me, you dirty Genoese! Thine is the struggle of the ages!" Charlie decided that his breath was caught enough and kept climbing when he heard that.

On the thirteenth floor, the businessman hit his head on the ceiling as he tried to climb into a hallway that had a ceiling at the same height as the others in the building, but was two feet lower than the door. He carefully picked himself up and knocked on the heavily-armored steel vault directly in front of him. Several locks clicked open, and a wheel spun slowly until the massive door swung open, nearly

crushing Charlie against the wall. As he inched around it, he saw a tall, curly-haired man in a brown leather jacket. Only it wasn't leather, it was waxed cotton.

"Mr. Horner?" Charlie asked, trying to see into the darkened room.

"Yes," said the man inside the vault, cautiously. He snapped his arm forward and grabbed the towel. Unfurling it, he examined the stains on it, devoting his utmost attention to the shade and curves in the coffee stains. "I see," he murmured, "well, all right. Call me David."

Instantly, the lights flickered on behind him. The entire floor, walls, and ceiling were covered in pale orange shag carpeting. A particularly large lump was situated toward the center of the room, with several bottles of expensive wine and broken glasses on it. A large, fuzzy cage gently rocked back and forth above as the dairy cow inside of it gazed at David. "Well, come on," he said, gesturing for Charlie to come with him, "let's go to the boardroom." A rope ladder fell from a trap door in the ceiling.

On the next floor, Charlie found himself in a room paneled in metal painted to look like wood. It was reminiscent of an early-1990s station wagon. A man in a flamboyant, gold-lined blue uniform held out a coat hanger. "Go on and sit down, I'll just be a moment," said David as he pointed to a pair of barstools along

the rear wall. Charlie sat down and spun around as he noticed that David was unzipping his pants. They fell to the floor with a jingle as the change in the pockets shook. Next, David slowly removed his bright red cartoon locomotive boxer shorts. The attendant, entirely unfazed, picked up the pants and delicately folded the underwear. Then, he left the hanger on a hook on the wall and climbed down the ladder.

"Now, let's get down to business," said David, taking his stool. "So, as you know, I'm the majority shareholder of The Entire Media now. And let me tell you, there are going to be some changes. First of all, I should let you know that I won't work with men who don't believe that the Earth is coming to an end within the next seven years. Good for morale, you know how it is. Make sure your workers adjust to that. Do you think it will be a problem?" He slowly moved to cross his legs, but paused and adapted a wide stance instead.

Charlie shook his head, trying to avoid looking directly at David. Instead, he stared at the floor and began to count the knots in the "wood."

Delicately scratching himself, David nodded. "Good! Now, second order of business. Magazines. Nobody reads 'em anymore. Back in my day, my uncle Albert used to get all of his news in Time, his elite sense of entitlement from The New Yorker, and his ineffective sex tips from Cosmopolitan. Now, you can get all of those things and more from the Internet. Which you also own. But still. Maybe fake up some of the news online, reconfigure The New Yorker so you can get all of the smug without any of the reading, and flood the blogosphere with stories about trains so people lose interest." He yawned, then spun himself sideways and leaned closer to Charlie. "And just between you and me, could we maybe have more pictures of Vladimir Putin? He's always such a hit with the kids."

"Can do, sir," mumbled Charlie as he observed the loops and whorls on the tips of his fingers.

David groaned. "Sir, sir, sir. Chuck. You don't mind if I call you Chuck, do you? Nobody calls me Sir. Sir Horner is my old man. Yes, I have an old man. He tends

my garden because the British Crown rescinded his knighthood after an incident involving a corruption scandal during John Major's term as PM. Anyway, now, while we're talking about the children, we need to kill off Elmo on Sesame Street. He's had his run. He's tickled our funny bones as we've tickled him, but the 2000s are over, you know? I expect you to have the CPB mail every single Elmo muppet they have directly to me so I can personally dispose of them. Effective yesterday. Say, Chuck, you seem to be a bit distracted. Do I have a cut on my head? Am I a Frankenstein monster?"

Charlie grimaced and stared at David's jacket. "No sir, uh, David, not at all. I'm just wondering, why did you take off your pants?"

"My pants? Do you mean to tell me that you have a problem with my comfort?" He gestured wildly with his fists, diverting Charlie's beleaguered attention downward. "Look, I don't think that you respect me enough. You can't even look at me, and you ask me personal questions before we've even shared the sacred coffee."

The attendant's head poked through the trapdoor, as if on cue. "The sacred coffee, Davey?" He produced a seventeen-foot-long pole, with which he pulled a chain hanging from the ceiling. Then, he slammed the trapdoor. Several sprinklers, located in the ceiling, began spraying cold, three-day-old coffee into the room. For fifteen minutes, the two men sat in silence as the bitter brown liquid rose to their knees. David's pants hung, pristine and dry, several feet above the coffee.

"So wait," sighed Charlie as he looked down toward his ruined suit, "do you want me to drink this?" A wooden sailboat meandered by, bouncing gently off one of the legs of David's barstool.

David shook his head and put his finger to his lips. As if in a trance, he waded through the room, occasionally stirring parts of it with an oar that he pulled off one of the walls. Then, he produced an ornamental vial from his jacket pocket. Gracefully, he poured several pounds of sugar out of it, despite the fact that it was only the size of his hand. He continued to shush Charlie's com-

plaints as he manipulated the coffee like he was tending a zen garden. Then, satisfied, he dropped the oar into the coffee. In a voice that was not his own, he intoned, "It is now done. We have shared the coffee." He flipped a railroad switch and an unseen drain emptied the room.

At that instant, a crack team from the United States Central Intelligence Agency, disguised as another group of third graders, entered the lobby. Then, they used their elite training to climb to the top of the building, disregarding the fact that even the handholds stopped at the fiftieth floor. Expertly, they rappelled back down to the fourteenth storey and busted in through the concrete walls. They had steel-toed boots, after all. Then, they applied more than forty pounds of high explosives to the drywall separating them from the boardroom.

Scared, lonely, and dripping with fetid coffee, Charlie contemplated quitting his job. After all, this was never what he wanted. There was a veterinary school somewhere, and it needed someone to change its lightbulbs. And with this lunatic in charge, there was nothing he could do but abandon ship or suffer through his bizarre tendencies. Just then, the universe imploded upon itself because it could not tolerate yet another piece of absurd fiction ending with the tired trope of intervention from authority figures. 🤖

Looking Ahead

GREG LARSEN

We've reached an exciting point in the presidential search process. True, some may criticize the fact that it fails to fully take into account the voices of students, that it bears a needlessly close resemblance to the Papal conclave, and that it may very well place the very fate of the college in the hands of a few randomly-selected representatives, and the Shadow Representatives, who, as we all know, are Lizard People. But none of that matters. I say, give 'em - no, wait, give US hell!

Those of us who pretend to remember are nostalgic for the old days. Former Presidents Greg Prince and Ralph Hexter gracefully dodged the will of the students, faculty, and staff to hike fees, promote their own pet projects, and probably oppress somebody in the process. Their names will go down into the ledger as some of the greatest presidents of Hampshire College. And, in response, the Hampshire community did what it does best: complain. And, when they succeeded, self-congratulatory pats on the back were shared by all.

Can't we go back to that? Since I'm just nearing the end of my first year, I missed the boat on The Plan. Why can't I get a chance to wave a sign in opposition to crushing administrative policies? An integral part of the experience at this college is to feel like someone's out to get you and your money. And right now, although we are most certainly getting screwed (3.5% fee increase, I'm lookin' at you), nobody's particularly upset about it. We need a pariah to channel our probably-righteous indignation toward, preferably someone with a name that we can turn into moderately amusing puns that kind of imply that they are corrupt. Am I really asking too much here?

I mean, right now we have an interim president who's doing some things that the student body ACTUALLY APPROVES OF. I mean come on, how are you going to get anyone angry about submitting a non-binding affirmation of Phys Plant's right to unionize? Worst of all, because she isn't a permanent president, she seems unwilling to conduct any sweeping exercises of power because it's not her place to. Not her place? Did anyone think that it was Greg Prince's place to ban pets? And yet, he did it. Some professors are still mad about that one.

So, with that in mind, I think I speak for the whole Hampshire Community when I call on the Presidential Search Committee to hire the candidate who is most despicably self-serving, conniving, and apathetic to the concerns of the community. I want someone willing to cancel Hampshire Halloween for the next decade to construct a balcony on Cole from which they may proclaim presidential edicts in uniform. I want someone who will command the financial committees to arbitrarily deny every third request from student groups. I want someone who will hire unrepentant white collar criminals to teach courses on business ethics. I want someone who will invest in repressive regimes across the globe. I want someone who will establish a sister school program with Liberty University, which will culminate in the construction of a statue of deceased televangelist Jerry Falwell on the Library Lawn. I want someone who will require every single student on campus to purchase a full meal plan at 150% of the current cost. And I want someone who will bulldoze the Yurt, my personal favorite campus establishment, and in its place construct a single parking space that is perpetually roped off so nobody can actually use it.

It's the only way that we can rise. It's the only way we can fight. It's the only way that we can ever hope to live up to our reputation as a hardcore activist school. After all, there's nothing sadder than a contented radical. 🐸



TURN THE PAGE FOR

SKY'S ACTIVITY CORNER!

**BROUGHT TO YOU BY
FIONA STEWART-TAYLOR
AND SKY REID-MILLS**



KEY

- 1 - Gray
- 2 - Translucent Shut-In Pale
- 3 - Bureaucratic Oppression Grey
- 4 - Angelic Beige
- 5 - Totally Taupe!
- 6 - Elfen Glade Wood Bark
- 7 - Depressive Gray
- 8 - Drowned-At-Sea Gray
- 9 - Industrial Pollution Gray
- 10 - Flat Chested Gray
- 11 - Shoe-Gazing Gray
- 12 - Wedding Cake White
- 13 - Racecar Red
- 14 - Cookies and Creamy Beige
- 15 - Apple IIGS Gray
- lips- Foxy Red
- frills- Brothers Grim Grey
- lights- Happy Sunshine Yellow
- Pipe - Sky Blue
- Poster - Create Your Own

Submit your artistic creation to the last issue of the semester of the Omen!

Mail it to box 1413 by April 26th to have it published!

Guess the Fonts With Sky!

1. I'm Hungry. 2. *Shrug.* 3. *Ehheh.* 4. No. 5. FPH IS A FORTRESS.

Solution Key:

1. Times New Roman. 2. Not Times New Roman.
3. Not Times New Roman. 4. Not Times New Roman.
5. Not Times New Roman

Connect The Dots!

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It's Sky!

(ANSWER ON NEXT *page*)



FUCK	
TIC	
TAC	
	TOE

FUCK	
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TAC	
	TOE

FUCK	
TIC	
TAC	
	TOE

FUCK	
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	TOE

OMEN

Nemo's Evil Twin

